

SCROFULA.

Large Ulcers. Flesh being
Eaten Away. Nearly Dead
with this Loathsome
Disease.



MRS. ANNA ADAMS.
"PORTLAND, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1872.
Dear Sir:—I had been sick many years.
When you first saw me in 1860, I was near the
grave.

My throat was deeply ulcerated. One eye-
lid was partly eaten off. Large ulcers on
thighs and body exceedingly offensive, and I
was reduced in flesh to a mere skeleton.
All doctors and medicines had failed. One
year's use of your Blood and Liver Remedy
and Nerve Tonic produced a complete cure
improvement began at once."

"Fredonia, N. Y., June 16, 1894.
"It has now been about 25 years since I was
cured and there has been no return of the
disease." Yours truly, Mrs. ANNA ADAMS.

Blood and Liver Dr. Fenner's Remedy Never Fails. and Nerve Tonic

It is a Sarsaparilla-Mandraca-Prince's
Pine Alleviate, Nerve Tonic and
Restorative Compound.

CERTAIN AS THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.
Physics from blood, liver and tissues
all worn-out particles and impurities,
without weakening but strengthening
instead, and Restores the Nerves.
Cures Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation,
Dizziness, Scrofula, General Debility, etc.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sample free.

Mother! Keep your child's stomach and bowels
healthy with Dr. Fenner's Sennatoria.
The best laxative and corrective known.

Dr. Fenner's Soothing Syrup.
Allays irritation and gives refreshing sleep.
Dr. Fenner's Worm Syrup "Brought 150
worms from our child, Mrs. Sherick, Elida, O."
Dr. Fenner's Family Salt Rheum Ointment.
Best for skin eruptions, Piles, Sores, Cuts, etc.
For sale by J. W. Houghton.

W. & L. E. Time Card

In effect Apr. 1, 1895. Central Standard time.

GOING EAST.	No. 5	No. 7	No. 9	No. 11
Toledo.....	8:45	1:10	4:40	8:15
Oak Harbor.....	8:45	1:10	4:40	8:15
Freemont.....	9:07	1:32	5:02	8:37
Ulyde.....	9:07	1:32	5:02	8:37
Bellevue.....	9:36	2:01	5:31	9:06
Cleveland.....	9:36	2:01	5:31	9:06
Monroeville.....	9:59	2:24	5:54	9:29
Norwalk.....	10:00	2:25	5:55	9:30
Wellington.....	10:43	3:08	6:38	10:13
Cleveland.....	10:43	3:08	6:38	10:13
Spencer.....	10:57	3:22	6:52	10:27
Lodi.....	11:11	3:36	7:06	10:41
Akron.....	11:11	3:36	7:06	10:41
Youngstown.....	11:11	3:36	7:06	10:41
Pittsburgh.....	11:11	3:36	7:06	10:41
Creston.....	11:11	3:36	7:06	10:41
Orville.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Massillon.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Canton.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Massillon.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Norwalk.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Valley Junction.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Canal Dover.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Cambridge.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Marionetta.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Valley Junction.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Sherrardville.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Bowerton.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Solo.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Jewett.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Dillonville.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Warrenton.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Brilliant.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Mingo Junction.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Steubenville.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Warrenton.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Martin's Ferry.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32
Warrenton.....	12:02	4:27	7:57	11:32

GOING WEST.	No. 6	No. 8	No. 10	No. 12
Wheeling.....	9:00	1:25	5:00	9:25
Martin's Ferry.....	9:12	1:37	5:12	9:37
Warrenton.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Steubenville.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Mingo Junction.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Brilliant.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Warrenton.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Dillonville.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Jewett.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Solo.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Bowerton.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Sherrardville.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Valley Junction.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Norwalk.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Canal Dover.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Cambridge.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Marionetta.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Valley Junction.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Sherrardville.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
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Mingo Junction.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Steubenville.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Warrenton.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Martin's Ferry.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45
Warrenton.....	9:20	1:45	5:20	9:45

HURON DIVISION.

From Norwalk.....	No. 10	No. 12
Norwalk.....	8:00	1:00
Milan.....	8:00	1:00
Huron.....	8:00	1:00
From Huron.....	No. 15	No. 17
Huron.....	8:00	1:00
Milan.....	8:00	1:00
Norwalk.....	8:00	1:00

*Daily. Other trains daily except Sunday.

O. A. WILSON, Gen'l Manager. JAMES M. HALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

ABRAHAM'S TRIAL.

The Intended Human Sacrifice on
Mount Moriah.

Lessons to be Learned From the Great
Faith and Obedience of the Ancient
Patriarch—God Always Helps
Those Who Ask Him.

The subject chosen by Rev. Dr. Tal-
mage for his latest sermon was Abra-
ham's faith and obedience—a symbol
of the great sacrifice on Calvary. The
text was Genesis xxii. 7: "Behold the
fire and the wood, but where is the
lamb?" Following is the sermon:

Here are Abraham and Isaac: the one
a kind, old, gracious, affectionate fa-
ther; the other a brave, obedient, re-
ligious son. From his bronzed ap-
pearance you can tell that this son has
been much in the fields, and from his
shaggy dress you know that he has
been watching the herds. The moun-
tain air has painted his cheek rubi-
cund. He is twenty, or twenty-five,
or, as some suppose, thirty-three years
of age; nevertheless a boy, considering
the length of life to which people lived
in those times, and the fact that a son
never is anything but a boy to a father.
I remember that my father used to
come into the house when the children
were home on some festive occasion, and
say: "Where are the boys?" although
"the boys" were twenty-five, and thirty,
and thirty-five years of age. So this
Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and
this father's heart is in him. It is
Isaac here and Isaac there. If there is
any festivity around the father's tent,
Isaac must enjoy it.

It is Isaac's walk, and Isaac's ap-
parel, and Isaac's manners, and Isaac's
prospects, and Isaac's piety. The
father's heart strings are all wrapped
around that boy, and wrapped again,
until nine-tenths of the old man's life
is in Isaac. I can just imagine how
lovingly and proudly he looked at his
only son.

Well, the dear old man had borne a
great deal of trouble, and it had left
its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics
of wrinkle the story was written from
forehead to chin. But now his trouble
seems all gone, and we are glad that
he is very soon to rest forever. If the
old man shall get decrepit Isaac is
strong enough to wait on him. If the
father get dim of eyesight, Isaac will
lead him by the hand. If the father
become destitute, Isaac will earn him
bread. How glad we are that the ship
that has been in such a stormy sea is
coming at last into the harbor. Are
you not rejoiced that glorious old Abra-
ham is through with his troubles? No!
no! a thunderbolt! From that clear
eastern sky there drops into that
father's tent a voice with an announce-
ment enough to turn black hair white,
and to stun the patriarch into instant
annihilation. God said: "Abraham!"
The old man answered: "Here I am."
God said to him: "Take thy son, thy
only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and
get him into the land of Moriah, and
offer him there as a burnt offering."
In other words, slay him; cut his body
into fragments; put the fragments on
the wood; set fire to the wood, and let
Isaac's body be consumed to ashes.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says so me
one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear
him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on
whom I have depended. O, how I loved
him! He was given in answer to
prayer, and now must I surrender
him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how
shall I part with you? But then it is
always safer to do as God asks me:
to have been in dark place before
and God got me out. I will implicitly
do as God has told me, although it is
very dark. I can't see my way, but I
know God makes no mistake, and to
Him I commit myself and my darling
son."

Early in the morning there is a stir
around Abraham's tent. A beast of
burden is fed and saddled. Abraham
makes no disclosure of the awful se-
cret. At the break of day he says:
"Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are
going off on a two or three days' journey."
I hear the ax heaving and
splitting amid the wood until the sticks
are made the right length and the
right thickness, and then they are
fastened on the beast of burden. They
pass on—there are four of them—Abra-
ham, the father; Isaac, the son, and
two servants. Going along the road, I
see Isaac looking up into his father's
face, and saying, "Father, what is the
matter? Are you not well? Has any-
thing happened? Are you tired? Lean
on my arm." Then, turning
to the servants, the son says: "Ah,
father is getting old, and he has had
trouble enough in other days to kill
him."

The third morning has come, and it
is the day of the tragedy. The two
servants are left with the beast of bur-
den, while Abraham and his son Isaac,
as was the custom of good people in
those times, went upon the hill to sac-
rifice to the Lord. The wood is taken
off the beast's back and put on Isaac's
back. Abraham has in one hand a pan
of coals or a lamp, and in the other a
sharp, keen knife. Here are all the ap-
paratus for sacrifice, you say. No, there
is one thing wanting; there is no
victim—no pigeon, or heifer, or lamb.
Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the
victim, looks up into his father's face,
and asks a question which must have
cut the old man to the bone: "My fa-
ther!" The father said: "My son,
Isaac, here I am." The son said: "Be-
hold the fire and the wood, but where
is the lamb?" The father's lip quiv-
ered, and his heart faltered, and his
knees knocked together, and his entire
body, mind and soul shivered in sick-
ening anguish as he struggles to gain
equipoise; for he does not want to
break down. And then he looks into
his son's face, with a thousand rushing
tenderesses, and says: "My son, God
will provide Himself a lamb."

Ah! Isaac never looked more beau-
tiful than on that day to his father.
As the old man ran his emaciated fin-
gers through his son's hair, he said to
himself: "How shall I give him up?
What will his mother say when I come
back without my boy? I thought he
would have been the comfort of my de-

clining days. I thought he would have
been the hope of ages to come. Beau-
tiful and loving, and yet to die under
my own hand. Oh, God! is there not
some other sacrifice that will do? Take
my life, and spare his! Pour out my
blood, and save Isaac for his mother
and the world!" But this was an in-
ward struggle. The father controls his
feelings, and looks into his son's face,
and says: "Isaac, must I tell you all?"
His son said: "Yes, father, I thought
you had something on your mind; tell
it." The father said: "My son, Isaac,
thou art the lamb!" "Oh," you say,
"why didn't that young man, if he was
twenty or thirty years of age, smite into
the dust his infirm father? He could
have done it." Ah! Isaac knew by
this time that the scene was typical
of a Messiah who was to come, and so
he made no struggle. They fell on
each other's necks, and wailed out the
parting. A wail and matchless echo
of the wilderness. The rocks echo
back the breaking of their hearts. The
cry: "My son! my son!" The answer:
"My father! my father!"

Do not compare this, as some people
have, to Agamemnon, willing to offer
up his daughter, Iphigenia, to please
the gods. There is nothing comparable
to this wonderful obedience to the true
God. You know that victims for sac-
rifice were always bound, so that they
might not struggle away. Rawlings,
the martyr, when he was dying for
Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith
who held the manacles: "Fasten those
chains tight now, for my flesh may
struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms
are fastened, his feet are tied. The old
man, now solitary and blind.

Receipts, \$22.
J. Homan, of Cleveland, filled
it at the Baptist church Sunday
evening. Mr. Homan is an
able speaker and will be with us
two weeks.

will be a free public meeting of
T. M. in the town hall, Satur-
day, Oct. 25, at 7 o'clock. Good
and literary exercises. Address
H. M. Parker, of Elyria, great
elder of Ohio. Everybody cordi-
tally.

reached here last week that Mrs.
Adams, of Los Angeles, Cal., was
Mrs. Adams was formerly of this

BRIGHTON.

2.—Farmers are complaining on
of the dry weather.
Wheat is looking quite brown on
of the recent frosts.

Baird, who was reported ill
of fever, is reported no better,
he is despaired of.

of Wakeman, who with his
of it was a

the woods, has his crooked horns fast-
ened and entangled in the brushwood,
and could not get loose; and Abraham
seizes it gladly, and quickly unlooses
Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on
in his place, sets the lamp under the
brushwood of the altar, and as the
dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to
rise the blood rolls down the sides of
the altar, and drops hissing into the
fire, and I hear the words: "Behold
the Lamb of God who takes away the
sins of the world."

Well, what are you going to get out
of this? There is an aged minister of
the gospel. He says: "I should get
out of it that when God tells you to do
a thing, whether it seems reasonable to
you or not, go ahead and do it. Here
Abraham couldn't have been mistaken.
God didn't speak so indistinctly that it
was not certain whether he called
Sarah, or Abimelech, or somebody else;
but with divine articulation, divine in-
tonation, divine emphasis, he said:
"Abraham!" Abraham rushed blindly
ahead to do his duty, knowing that
things would come out right. Likewise
do so yourselves. There is a mystery
of your life. There is some burden
you have to carry. You don't know
why God has put it on you. There is
some persecution, some trial, and you
don't know why God allows it. There
is a work for you to do, and you have
not enough grace, you think, to do it.
Do as Abraham did. Advance, and do
your whole duty. Be willing to give
up Isaac, and perhaps you will not
have to give up anything. "Jehovah-
jireh"—the Lord will provide." A cap-
ital lesson this old minister gives us.

Out yonder, in this house, is an aged
woman; the light of Heaven in her
face; she is half-way through the door;
she has her hand on the pearl of the
gate. Mother, what would you get
out of this subject? "O," she says,
"I would learn that it is in the last
plunge that God comes to the relief.
You see the altar was ready, and Isaac
was fastened on it, and the knife was
lifted, and just at the last moment
God broke in and stopped proceedings.
So it has been in my life for seventy
years. Why, sir, there was a time when
the floor was all out of the house, and
I set the table at noon and had nothing
to put on it; but five minutes of 1
o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord
will provide. My son was very sick,
and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't
mean to take him away from me, do
you? Please, Lord, don't take him
away. Why, there are neighbors who
have three and four sons; this is my
only son; this is my Isaac. Lord, you
won't take him away from me, will
you?' But I saw he was getting worse
and worse all the time; and I turned
round and prayed, until after awhile
I felt submissive, and I could say: 'Thy
will, O Lord, be done!' The doctors
gave him up, and we all gave him
up. And, as was the custom in those
times, we had made the grave-clothes,
and we were whispering about the last
exercises, when I looked, and I saw
some perspiration on his brow, showing
that the fever had broken, and he spoke
to us so naturally, that I knew he
was going to get well. He did get well,
and my son, Isaac, whom I thought was
going to be slain and consumed of dis-
ease, was loosed from that altar.
And bless your souls, that's been so for
seventy years; and if my voice were not
so weak, and if I could see better, I
could preach to you younger people a
sermon; for though I can't see much, I

can see this; whenever you get into a
tough place, and your heart is break-
ing, if you will look a little farther
into the woods you will see, caught in
the branches, a substitute and a deliv-
erance. 'My son, God will provide Him-
self a lamb.'"

Thank you, mother, for that short
sermon. I could preach back to you
for a minute or two and say, never do
you fear. I wish I had half as good
a hope of Heaven as you have. Do not
fear, mother; whatever happens, no
harm will ever happen to you. I was
going up a long flight of stairs, and I
saw an aged woman, very decrepit,
and with a cane, creeping on up. She
made but very little progress, and I
felt very exuberant, and I said to her:
"Why, mother, that is no way to go
upstairs;" and I threw my arms around
her and I carried her up and put her
down on the landing at the top of the
stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank
you; I am very thankful." Oh mother,
when you get through this life's work,
and you want to go up stairs and rest
in the good place that God has provided
for you, you will not have to climb up
—you will not have to crawl up pain-
fully. The two arms that were
stretched on the Cross will be flung
around you, and you will be hoisted
with a glorious lift beyond all wear-
iness and all struggle. May the God of
Abraham and Isaac be with you until
you see the Lamb on the hilltops.

Now, that aged minister has made a
suggestion, and this aged woman has
made a suggestion; I will make a sug-
gestion: Isaac going up the hill makes
me think of the great sacrifice. Isaac,
the only son of Abraham, Jesus, the
only Son of God. On those two "onlys"

Mabel W. would a fearful emphasis. O Isaac! O
took the pains! But this last sacrifice was a
Rev. Bentons tremendous one. When the knife
was lifted over Calvary, there was no
one that cried "Stop!" and no hand
rested it. Sharp, keen, and tremen-
dous, it cut down through nerve and
each as a very unit the blood sprayed the faces
of the executioners, and the mid-day
boy from dropped a veil of cloud over its
makes twice because it could not endure the
metac. O Isaac, of Mount Moriah!
Jesus, of Mount Calvary! Better
two years and God have thrown away into an-
nihilation a thousand worlds, than to
their crucifix sacrificed His only Son. It was
ing pulpit one of ten sons—it was His only
Frank S. If he had not given up him, you
have been and I would have perished. "God so
loved the world that He gave His
While repely—"I stop there not because I
he fell I have forgotten the quotation, but be-
his hip I want to think. "God so loved
on, but the world that He gave His only be-
which he gotten Son, that whosoever believeth
in Him should not perish, but have
eternal life." Great God! break
my heart, at the thought of the sacri-
fice of Isaac, the only, typical of Jesus
turned here.

You say: "If this young man was
twenty or thirty years of age, did he
not resist? Why was it not Isaac
binding Abraham, instead of Abra-
ham binding Isaac? The muscle in
Isaac's arm was stronger than the
muscle in Abraham's withered arm.
No young man twenty-five years of
age would submit to have his father
fasten him to a pile of wood with
intention of burning." Isaac was a
willing sacrifice, and so a type of
Christ, who willingly came to save the
world. If all the armies of Heaven
had resolved to force Christ out from
the gate, they could not have done it.
Christ was equal with God. If all the
battalions of glory had armed them-
selves and resolved to put Christ forth
and make Him come out and save this
world, they could not have succeeded in
it. With one stroke he would have
toppled over angelic and archangelic
dominion.

But there was one thing that the om-
nipotent Christ could not stand. Our
sorrows mastered Him. He could not
bear to see the world die without an
offer of pardon and help, and if all
Heaven had armed itself to keep Him
back, if the gates of life had been
bolted and double barred, Christ would
have flung the everlasting doors from
their hinges, and would have sprung
forth, scattering the hindering hosts
of Heaven like chaff before the whirl-
wind, as he cried: "Lo! I come to suf-
fer. Lo! I come to die." Christ, a suf-
fering sacrifice. Willing to take Bethle-
hem humiliation, and Sanhedrin out-
rage, and whipping post maltreatment,
and Golgotha butchery. Willing to
be bound. Willing to suffer. Willing
to die. Willing to save.

How does this affect you? Do not
your very best impulses bound out to-
ward this pain-struck Christ? Get
down at His feet, O ye people. Put
your lips against the wound on His
right foot and help kiss away the pang.
Wipe the foam from His dying lip. Get
under the cross until you feel the
baptism of His rushing tears. Take
Him into your heart, with warmest love
and undying enthusiasm. By your re-
sistances you have abused Him long
enough. Christ is willing to save you.
Are you willing to be saved? It seems
to me as if this moment were throb-
bing with the invitations of an all-
compassionate God.

I have been told that the cathedral
of St. Mark's stands in a quarter in the
center of the city of Venice, and that
when the clock strikes twelve at noon
all the birds from the city and the re-
gions round about the city fly to the
square and settle down. It came in
this wise: A large-hearted woman
passing one noonday across the square,
saw some birds shivering in the cold,
and she scattered some crumbs of bread
among them. The next day, at the
same hour, she scattered more crumbs
of bread among them, and so on from
year to year, until the day of her death.
In her will she bequeathed a certain
amount of money to keep up the same
practice, and now, at the first stroke
of the bell at noon, the birds begin to
come there, and when the clock has
struck twelve, the square is covered
with them. How beautifully sugges-
tive. Christ comes out to feed thy soul
to-day. The more hungry you feel
yourselves to be, the better it is. It is
noon, and the Gospel clock strikes
twelve. Come in flock! Come as doves
to the window! All the air is filled
with the liquid chime: Come! Come!

MORMONS IN POLITICS.

Action of Heads of the Church in Utah
Causes a Big Sensation and May Result
in an Anti-Statehood Party Being
Formed.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Oct. 14.—President
Joseph F. Smith and George Q. Can-
non, of the Mormon church, at a recent
secret meeting of the priesthood made
some sensational remarks of a political
character and all party leaders in Salt
Lake City are talking about the atti-
tude of the church towards political
candidates who are Mormons. It is con-
sidered evident that the church intends
to exercise all its power in politics, al-
though the high priests here disclaim
any interference. The remarks made
by President Smith were to the effect
that numerous men in the councils of
the church and particularly Moses
Thacher and B. B. Roberts, candidates
on the democratic ticket for the United
States senate and congress, had seen
fit to accept nominations for political
offices without first taking council with
the president of the church. This pro-
cedure he characterized as contrary to
the rules of the church, subversive of
good discipline and might tend to the
detriment of the church. George Q.
Cannon indorsed Mr. Smith's remarks.

This declaration is viewed with great
alarm by the Gentiles and progressive
young Mormons, who fear a return of
the old conditions which prevailed
when the Mormon church authorities
ruled with a rod of iron. Strong and
bitter anti-statehood talk is being in-
dulged in by those who hitherto have
favored statehood the most strongly.
Judge Powers, chairman of the demo-
cratic state committee, has called a
meeting of the committee for to-day
with the avowed purpose of dissolving
the democratic party and forming an
anti-statehood party. Powers is strong-
ly supported by the Gentile republicans
and the progressive element of the
Mormons, irrespective of party.

THE BRAKE ROD BROKE.

Three People Killed and Ten Injured in
an Accident on a Street Car Line Near
Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 14.—Three persons
were killed outright and ten others
injured by a runaway trolley car on
the West End electric line jumping the
track and going over an embankment
last night. The killed are:
George Rothman, aged 30, furniture dealer,
of Carnegie.

Fred Helsel, aged 55, glass worker, Carnegie.
Unknown woman, about 30 years of age.

Injured—Mrs. Michael Foley, Pittsburgh, had
scalp wound and internal injuries; may die.
Conductor Albert McGuire, aged 33, Pitts-
burgh, scalp wound and internal injuries.

Fred Waddie, motorman, aged 33, Pittsburgh,
shoulder dislocated.

Michael Foley, Pittsburgh, had scalp wound.
James Foley, aged 7, son of Michael, slightly
injured.

Mrs. Leach, Pittsburgh, slight injuries.
Henry Stills, aged 17, Pittsburgh, leg broken.

Prof. Alex Phillips, of Cranston, right knee
lacerated and may have to